

## POOR LITTLE CINDERELLA.

BY THE DUCHESS.  
AUTHOR OF "NOBLE BATH," "WYLIE," &c.

"May I help you?" asks he.  
Cinderella, standing on the top of the hill, gathered her skirts together in one hand, with a view to jumping down to Phil who was waiting for her in the next field, with the impatience that belongs to men alone, turns abruptly. The voice has started her, and the sudden turn has done the rest—she starts a little, makes a violent effort to recover herself, and then falls right into the arms of the young man below her.

"Oh! I live your pardon," gasped she, when the first shock is over, and she finds herself sound in wind and limb.

"I really think it is I who ought to beg yours," says the young man, with a sort of laugh. He is still holding her, very lightly, by each arm, and is gazing at her as if a woman is quite a new creation so far as he is concerned. What a charming face!

Who is he?

The rose is living in her cheeks.

"Are you coming, Ella?" cries little Phil from the other side. He had seen her fall, and her deliverance, and, having heard her speak, is beginning to grow impatient once more. And when a little time is given them, too.

"Yes, yes!" cried Ella, back to him, and turns once more to the side. Sir Charles restrains her, however, until he has sprung up himself, and then, holding out his hand to her, brings her safely to the other side, and Phil.

Phil is a revelation.

"That you, Phil?" says he. "I didn't know you," with a glance at Cinderella, had another sister."

"Well, I haven't, either," says Phil. "Ella's not my sister. I wish she were."

"Ah!"

"He's a cousin," says Cinderella, with a little touch of dignity that sits most sweetly on her. Mrs. Langley, however, is not much moved. Ella Derwent. Thank you, holding out her hand, with an evident view of getting rid of him. "I don't suppose I shall meet with any more accidents."

Her smile is beautiful—if a little sad, a little restrained. It occurs to Brand, staring at her in quite an unparsonable fashion, that there must have been some earlier day when her smile had been more attractive to him. Come to think of it, she is gone now.

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up companionship of his own sex."

"I hope your mother is well," says Brand, turning to him. As I thought to Ella: "I do not think I ever met you at Langley's."

"Ella says the girl, curtly.

"You were out, perhaps?"

"Not much. At least, I only came back from Canada five weeks ago."

"We're expecting an answer, and then—"

"Now, reluctantly. Before that."

Phil bends his head.

"They aren't one bit fond of Ella," says Mrs. Langley. "They'd like to have her, though, like all boys. She's the grown-up